

# TERRORISTIKE

## PLO LEADERSHIP CONVENTION REPORT

**Knowlton Nash:** Good evening! Welcome to the Allah Akbar Convention Centre in beautiful downtown Beirut Lebanon, sight of the P.L.O. Leadership Convention. The euphoria is infectious here as thousands of impassioned, excited and thoroughly smashed terrorists mill around their candidate's headquarters, chanting, singing, and generally carrying on like hithering moronic idiots.

It's all here, the backroom politics and backstabbing, the unalterable destruction of lives and careers, the murder and mayhem. Yes, all the excitement that always make such conventions festive.

But I've babbled on incoherently for long enough. With us now is ex-Secretary of State Alexander Haig. What brings you to the P.L.O. leadership race, Al.

**Haig:** Let me caveat my responses by contextualizing that I would be desirous of conversationalizing reciprocally with Mr. Arafat, terroristism-wise, anent the immoderately significant desirability of, on the part of Mr. Arafat, vis-a-vis myself, the acquisition and procurement of a new Vicar of Foreign Policy, Palestinian-wise, in order to de-exacerbate inordinate destabilization of the totality of his confraternity; a predicament which I am apprehensive of observationalizing in the proximate futurity.

**Knowlton:** uh...yeah, Al. Hold it, I'm receiving a report from Harvey Kirk who is on the Convention floor. Orunk again, eh Harv?

**Kirk:** Piss off you four-eyed -oh (whoa), hi everybody (gasp). The euphoria is infectious here as delegates swarm around the Allah Akbar Centre trying to drum up votes for their candidates. (puff) I have one such supporter here, Wat'a Turki, a member of the "Vote for Yasser

Arafat or we will run over your entire family with a very heavy tank" Committee. (whoa) Mr. Turki, how would you say the Arafat campaign is progressing?

**Turki:** OK. We get Vanessa Redgrave as Campaign Manager. We got real good campaign song, too You want hear?

**Kirk:** (whoa) Well I-

**Turki:** Go like this:  
*"Yassar, that's my baby.  
Nasser, I don't mean  
Maybe.  
Yassar, that's my baby,  
now!"*

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**Kirk:** (gasp) But what about Mr. Arafat's competition? Idi Amin Dada, for example.

**Turki:** Oh, he dark horse of campaign. Turki make little joke there.

**Kirk:** Yes, very little.

**Idi Amin Dada:** That's the kind of cheap, tasteless remark that



Raw B.F.C. recruits demonstrate their new cannon.

make's this magazine what it is. Anyway, I've got a better one. How many Arabs does it take to screw in a light bulb...

**Knowlton:** I think we'll leave Harvey Kirk at this point to discuss some of the many other political groups here. Over to

Mike Duffy.

**Duffy:** Thanks Knowlton! Over to my left a group of Soviet Refuzniks are milling around with signs saying "Free Soviet Jews".

(continued on page 1)

## BFC NABS VIC PRES.

(TASS) Sept. 12. Late Saturday evening, the President of the Victoria Student's council, Anne Pyke, 18, while wandering aimlessly through the St. George Campus was accosted by her arch-enemy, Toike Editor Bob Seeman, 20. Mr. Seeman who earlier in the week had been the a victim of Victorian terrorism, quickly summoned his BFC agent friends. Ms. Pyke was immediately apprehended.

Reportedly, she was locked up in the bowels of engineering territory and forced to consume massive quantities of alcoholic fluids. During interrogation, Ms. Pyke requested that she be allowed to see her capitalistic propaganda weapon; the VUSAC sign, which had been captured in a recent battle.

Once Ms. Pyke was taken into the subterranean caverns where the sign was secreted, a group of hulking agents, clad in their ceremonial blue helmets and leather underwear revealed the recently redecorated sign to her.

"Oh my gahd! You guys... my sign!", she ejaculated.

The sign was in shambles - a gaping hole had been blasted through both panels of the thick plywood. It was dead. Ms. Pyke was visibly shaken by this gruesome discovery.

"If you guys weren't so funny, I'd be fucking mad at you!", she shrieked.

After a thorough gagging and binding, she was presented with a list of conditions for release of both herself and her shattered sign. They were as follows:

- 1 Stolen yellow Engineering Hardhat
- 2 VIC IS (sb)IT! T-shirts
- 4 VIC Bandanas
- 1 Opener
- 1 Set of assorted VUSAC letterhead
- 1 Letter to the Calgary Olympic Organizing Committee endorsing bottle cap snapping as a new event in the 1988 winter games.

"I'm the President of Victoria College! I shouldn't have to be subjected to this! I'm in a position of power," screamed Ms. Pyke.

"Not around here you aren't! This is Engineering.", retorted Mr. Larry Brooks, a dreaded soldier of fortune.

As Ms. Pyke hastily reached for a pen to assent to the engineers's demands she whined, "I don't like doing this since it humiliates my collegel!"

The ceremonial signing session had to be repeated after it was revealed that Pyke is not spelled E-N-G-I-N-E-E-R-S S-U-C-K.

Beer was passed out to all present. Presently, all present passed out.

## HIJACK OF THE MONTH!

Well, we've got to hand it to those wild and crazy Cubans! Last month's aborted attempt at hijacking a Manhattan bus to Havana has only inspired these mindless genli of Western terrorism to more tomfoolery. Yesterday, a DC-10 leaving San Francisco for North Bay was boarded by machine-gun wielding ruffians wearing "Viva Castro" t-shirts. They demanded that the airplane fly to Havana.

It seemed that a textbook hijacking was in the works. As is now well known, the hijacked airplane was forced to land in Banff. Here is the full story, as obtained from several international wire services.

(UPI) - An airplane was hijacked and forced to land somewhere north of the United States border. Among the passengers was former Ms. America Vanessa Williams, who was wearing a blue chiffon dress and no bra. She confessed she had difficulty when a crash seemed imminent, since the emergency instructions were to put her feet together and lean forward, but she was accustomed

to doing the opposite. Ronald Reagan's unofficial, off-the-air comment was, "Damn that Fidel. The missiles should be arriving in Cuba in about 3 minutes. Heh, heh. Good one, eh Nancy?"

(TASS) - Evil capitalist spy plane captured...Friends of State were almost successful in diverting damn Yankee plane to glorious Communist soil...Vanessa Williams wore no bra... nyet brask!... decadent X'ell decadenel! You'll be sorry... we'll be making Red Dawn II soon... you see.

(Chinews) -

d	e	n
e	n	a
k	a	c
l	r	i
h	p	r
c	r	e
t	i	m
l	A	A
H		

(Mitsutakayashony News) - A plane was landed and forced to land and at 10:27 Newfunland clock time in Banff. Hijacking aborted due to faulty MOSFET which auxiliary the short-circuit motors. Faulty component was

cheap American original of imitation Japanese designwork.

(BBC) - Wing Commander Basil Cooper-Smith, son of the Second Earl of Swinden, singlehandedly repressed a potentially dangerous hijack attempt over Her Majesty's Soil. When asked about his brave feat of derring-do, he suavely replied, "Bloody 'ell, I've got a cricket match to referee." The score so far is England-140 for 2, Pakistan-100 for 6.

(P.L.O. News of the World) - The Israeli Zionists failed again to hijack an Arab plane. It was not good since after landing, various factlens among the Arabs leaving the plane had a disagreement over the seating arrangements. Consequently, it is that two are dead and several are in hospital with injuries. Long live Palestine!

The Terroristolke did get an interview with one frustrated guerrilla, who would only identify himself as Mr. Brief. When asked why he did it, he claimed that it was in honour of the 163<sup>rd</sup> day of the year.



"Cut the lovey-dovey; you're being shot at dawn."



The University of Toronto Engineering Society Presents :

# TERRORISTOIKE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR PEOPLE WHO LIKE KILLING PEOPLE WHO DON'T SPEAK THEIR OWN LANGUAGE

Price: 25 shekels

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## EDITORIAL

Terrorism is probably the most unrewarding profession there is. In today's climate of world tension and political strife, the modern professional terrorist struggles to maintain his ideological integrity. Terrorists form a close knit brotherhood whose members, in spite of extremism and fanaticism, are bound by the same ideals of justice and political honesty.

As an independent and objective publication, *Terroristiske* attempts to do justice to these much maligned people, who are still guided by the same high standards as medieval warrior guilds. Fighting evil with often scant weaponry, they seldom obtain any monetary gain for their efforts. We at *Terroristiske* feel that society should try and understand their motives and accept their methods, which, although sometimes brutal, are truly effective at attracting the attention of our decaying civilization to the fundamental injustices of our society.



[The scene is a ballet stage at Roy Thomson Hall.]

Bob - You mean this isn't the special halloj issue?

Mike - I don't think so. Why are all these people talking about killing people all the time?

Special thanks to Jenni for the Froot Loops™ and Sean for the Macintosh™.

## Flak from the Readers

Dear Editurd,

Like many people today, I am deeply concerned with the escalating proliferation of nuclear armament all over the world. I was wondering if you had any strategy for bilateral reductions in nuclear weapons leading to a nuclear-free earth?

Another Concerned Citizen

As you are aware, the problem with disarmament is what to do with all the bombs. The only safe thing I can think of is to explode them, at the rate of about a thousand a day. At this rate, it would take only two months to achieve a world free from the nuclear threat, a place where all can live in peace and safety, amen.

Sir,

As a representative of the Immoral Minority (which I believe constitute a majority), I would like to complain about the lack of smut in your last issue. Unlike previous sexistracist-homophobic issues, the "Exam Bolko" was well written, original, and disgustingly clean. This pinnacle of journalism resulted in a paucity of breasts, penises, and flocks of sheep in leather. It was also discovered that there was no mention of wild oral sex, little furry animals, or little girls. This sort of illthy virtuousness should be kept out of all print material.

Sincerely,  
Rob Schlob

Dear Editor,

Hey, your last *Toike Oike*, the Exam Bolko, was simply

suberb. In fact, I really enjoyed all last year's *Toike Oikes*. Please tell me how I can get involved and help out with such a quality publication.

Up yours truly,  
Bob Seeman

We're glad you enjoyed them and even more happy that you'd like to help. There are four (4) E-Z methods to join the Toike staph. First, you may decide to sign your name on any sign-up sheet you see. One of them just might be the Toike staph list. Two, drop a note in the Toike Oike mailbox in the EngSec. Three, phone 978-2917 and leave your name and number for the Editor (me). The fourth and final method is to cum out to one of the make-ups.

Dear Editor,

On the recent Orientation Day, I was pleasantly surprised to find a large prophylactic in my Firebox kit. I would like to take this opportunity to thank both the orientation committee and the Bay Birth Control Centre for this generous and useful condiment.

I have noticed with considerable chagrin, however, that it is beginning to wear a bit

thin. Would it be at all possible that I might enjoin you to provide me with another.

Studdly Hungwell 8T8

Look, stud, we're not running a protection racket here. We suggest we'll be for all your lino washbols.

Classified ads and letters should be sent to:

The Editor

### Toike Oike

10 Kings College Rd.  
Sanford Fleming Bldg.  
Room B670  
Toronto, M5S 1A1

Note: from Dean

Slomon

To: all teaching assistants

As of September, 1984, all T.A.'s who displayed any marked fluency in the spoken English language will be required to take an English deficiency test. Tests will be scheduled for September 20, 3pm in 6B 490B

## I WANT YOU

FOR THE



## Toike Oike

Next Make-up  
Friday, Oct. 5,  
SF B670, 5pm.

The Toike Oike (Toy-kee-oyk) is published bi-occasionally in all the countries of the world with the exception of the U.S., Paraguay, Belize, Zimbabwe, Sri Lanka, the Netherlands, Franco, Australia, Austria, Switzerland, Uruguay, Argentina ... and Togoland.

"We the crazy, led by the insano, are doing the incredibly in all the unaware. We have done so much for so long with so little, that we are now qualified to do anything with nothing."

Joe E. Skule  
Toike Editor '06

## Blue and White Society Planning Major Offensive on Rival Universities

No self respecting terrorist would give us a second glance: our arsenal is only marginally better than your local Libyan People's Bureau. Yes, our weaponry is limited, but don't let this deceive you: we have more firepower than we'll ever need, and we are ready to apply it - oowl

The Blue and White Society has been busily at work, planning activities that will constitute a nasty assault into the fortified top secret hideouts of spirit and amusement. Some of our manoeuvres include Homecoming Weekend, a Winter Carnival, grudge matches, and the destruction and complete annihilation of York (sux), Queen's, and Western (well, maybe ...). In these sort of battles everyone wins, so why not join our ranks? Call us at 978-4911, and watch for the fun to start.

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## editurd:

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Sorry, you'll have to wait  
in line with the rest of  
them.

## GODIVA'S PILLBOX

Dear Godiva,

At present I own a fully automatic M25 with double barrel dual - pneumatic controlling relays and flashing LEDs. I have also recently purchased a semi-automatic phase - lock frequency controlled soft touch solenoid triggered AK47. Which weapon is more suitable for a McOonsid's type restaurant?

O. Hamburgler

Dear Godiva's Box,

'ello dere, I wud like too 'ave lotsol- 'ow you say? - Votes from engineers. Also, I wud like to reiterate my defense of de liberal record of de past 20 years. In addition, I wud like to defend and say dat I am proud of de record of de Toronto Maple Leafs, de quality of de dancing in the Juno awards and de C.F.L. designated imported rule.

Jean Cretin, Lib 8T4  
Shawanniginagin, Que.

Dear Godiva's Pillbox,

If Toronto is such a fucking great city, why does everybody up and leave every weekend?

Also, to me "Sesqui" sounds like some kind of virulent disease. RSVP

C. Jessop,  
Nohleton

Dear Godiva's Receptacle,

I am a firosh mech. eng. about six feet tall, 160 lbs, fanky, hespeckled, and possess the most bizarre array of obnoxious hygienic habits. Naturally, I am antisocial whenever I have the opportunity and I even wear "geek" clothes. I stutter, and liep too.

Now here's the problem. I am aware that I am unattractive to women, yet I am perplexed, astounded even, by the constant hordes of women endlessly offering their hodies to me. I can neither find any privacy nor avoid these sex crazed females. I barely have the energy to satisfy them all. Can you help me?

Crutch Crotch

*I'm sorry, but there is no cure for your problem. You will have to learn to cope with it as all engineers eventually must. What's your address, anyways?*

*Hey John, you even write out of the side of your mouth. Stop campaigning you already lost!*

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Turkish Delight

Young Turkish Cypriot practices advanced new ambush technique to lure Greeks into the open. (GUPI)

Dear Box,

Why do some people call public washrooms, bathrooms? After all, who takes a bath in these public facilities. What are you supposed to do? Crawl into the sink? Or you know many people spit into the sinks, extinguish their cigarettes in the sinks, and leave their dentures in them? If a set of dentures went up your ass who would you see, a doctor or your dentist? Your dentist knows exactly what to look for; however, your doctor is covered by OHIP. On the other hand, if you're overseas Blue Cross is more appropriate.

Also, why are the light switches for household bathrooms always on the outside. Tell me, huh. Why? So your friend can strobe the light while you're in there?

Harvey Headhanger.

Hei Gadaiva,

Wassa matte fo yu, a? Wens my hoi he waza in hi scool he waz a ril gigolo, y u no? He hadda alla da nis gils wit him alla da time. Now he tel me he's a Firoggio engineer an dat he like it! Wassa goin on, eh? Leava my boy alone, yu got dat?

Da Godfada

*What's a madda for yu? Shaddapa yu face or else I sit on it!*

## Terroristoiike Bombshell



**Cathy** likes hig guns. She is a member of the provisional I.R.A. and enjoys bombing London department stores to kill as many innocent tourists as possible. To maintain her shapely figure, she frequently engages in the Bohhy Saade Quick-Reducing Diet™. Cathy also likes horseback riding, parachuting and aerobic dancing.

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(continued from page 1)

**Refuznik:** That's right, get your Free Soviet Jews right here! Complimentary with the purchase of two Orthodox or three Reform Jews, or four of these little Goyish numbers. Only used by a little old Rabbi on Saturdays.

**Haig:** I'd like to caveat that statement by-

**Knowlton:** Oh shut up you gibbering old windbag. It's no wonder Reagan gave you.

Here to cannon us an inside look at the convention is CBC's Chief Political Correspondent, David Halton.

**Halton:** As CBC's Chief Political Correspondent, it is my job to tell you enormous amounts of useless details to show you how much I know. I am CBC's chief political correspondent and no one else. Me, David Halton, CBC's chief political correspondent...

**Knowlton:** Just a minute, I'm getting a report from Barbara Frum, who managed to corner Libyan leader Muammar Kaddafi, another candidate in this wild and crazy campaign.

**Frum:** Wouldn't you say, Col. Qaddafi, that there is no place for a half-crazed megalomaniacal Libyan madman like yourself in the Palestine Liberation Organization?

**Khaddafy:** Well, I...

**Frum:** Enough of your evasiveness, Kaddafy. Let's be honest here, you're nuts, psychotic, loony, deranged; you're not playing with a full deck; the lights are on but nobody's home; you're a crazy-person, a maladjusted misfit who's turned his nation into a cesspool of repression and mindless violence, while disgracing it on the international scene with your laughable invasion of Chad, your bizarre assassination attempts against your own embassy staff, and that collection of demented, incoherent ramblings that you call the "Little Green Book"! What do you say to that you maniacal monster!

**Qaddafi:** You know, I'm really not such a bad guy-

**Frum:** Admit it, Kaddafy. You've got about as much hope of winning this election as Jim Coates has of becoming the Spandins M.P..

**Kaddafy:** I, Muammar Khaddafy, will be the new P.L.O. leader or my name is not Moammar Qaddafi. Qaddafi has spoken.

**Frum:** Thank you, Mr. Qaddafi. Back to you, Knowlton.

**Knowlton:** Thank's Barbara. Joining us now is Barbara Amiel, with her own typically unbiased view of tonight's convention.

**Amiel:** Knowlton you arrogant, anti-semitic canby-pamby lying bastard! Goddammit, I'll be controversial even if it fucking kills me!

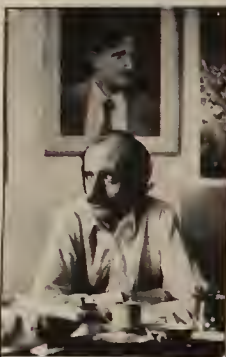
**Haig:** I'd like to caveat the modality of-

**Amiel:** SHUT UPI I'm talking! Nobody interrupts Barbara Amiel when she is speaking! This is worse than bloody Mozambique! Now, shut up and listen while I interview some of these damn candidates.

**Haig:** Yes, ma'am.

**Amiel:** That's better. We first turn to Whafid Jumblatt, leader of the Druze Militis in Lebanon. Mr. Jumblatt, I think something people all around the world are wondering le... why the hell are your eyes so incredibly huge?

**Jumblatt:** What kind of question this is? You must ask better questions, or I have Shi'ite's drive exploding truck into your hotel room.



Whafid Jumblatt has very, very, very, very, very, very, very, very, very, very big eyes.

**Amiel:** Jesus! I never get treated this way at the Sun. Though I still wish they'd let me pose as a Sunbabe girl.

**Knowlton:** Sorry to interrupt, you Fascist Bitch, but I've got a special report on recent developments on the convention floor from CBC journalist and ex-First Lady of Canuckland Margaret Trudeau.

**Margaret:** I'm here with leadership hopeful, Saudi Arabian oil minister, Sheik Yaman! He has a real great campaign slogan "Yamani or Ya Life." Oh, by the way, he's got a cute ass, too!

**Knowlton:** Thank you Margaret. Joining us in the studio is President Ronald Reagan. Mr. President, what's your perspective on tonight's leadership race?

**Reagan:** Well, uh... one, two, three, testing. Am I on the air? He ha. I, uh, think that um... is ketchup really a vegetable?

**Knowlton:** Perhaps you would like a more specific question. Do you think that any of the candidates poses a real threat to incumbent Yasser Arafat?

**Reagan:** Well, frankly... um- I. Uh, it's af! the Democrats fault, I tell you, (cough) Uh... abem

**Knowlton:** Thank you, Mr. President. I'm getting a report in now from our roving correspondent Constantin Chernenko, who has managed to catch up with incumbent P.L.O. boss Yasser Arafat.

**Chernenko:** Yasser, old comrade in the defeat of the Imperialistic Capitalist Zionist Hordes, bow goes campaign?

**Arafat:** Campaign looks good! Very good!

**Chernenko:** But what about grave divisions in your glorious people's organization between the two Islamic groups: the Sunni and the Shi'ite Muslims.

**Arafat:** Well personally, I prefer to look on the Sunni side of life, but-

**Chernenko:** I hear that some P.L.O. delegates have formed an ABA faction- Anybody But Arafat. They're calling you "Yasser who".

**Yasser:** No, they all love me very much! Really! Even, ones who tried to kill me last summer! We all like one big happy family. And I'll personally shoot the balls off any delegate who tells you otherwise.

**Chernenko:** Thank you, Yasser. And good luck in your struggle to destroy the Imperialist Capitalist bourgeoisie pig dog in order to liberate the oppressed downtrodden proletariat and usher in a new, golden age of the classless, stateless society. Glory to the Communist Party of the Soviet Union! Glory! Glory! From each according to his ability to each according to his need! Religion is the opiate-

**Knowlton:** That's enough mindless propaganda, you crazy old Bolshevik - Wait a moment.

I've just received a report that the latest 3 day ceasefire has broken down after fifteen minutes. It appears that Whafid Jumblatt insulted the personal hygiene of Amin Gemayel's mother. It looks like we're going to have to wrap up our report.

This is Knowlton Nash for the NATIONAL. "Good night!"



## The Westbank Story:

A theatre review  
by Tyrone Pope

A bomb went off in the Nazereth Alex Theatre last night, but the only victims were those poor suckers who laid out 15 Shekels to sit through two hours of a mediocre show.

**West Bank Story**, put out by the same no talents who brought you My Fair Zaidy, Bye Bye Bubie, and Goys and Oolie, is perhaps their worst effort of all.

A tasteless rip off of the 1950's musical **West Side Story**, this play is completely obsessed with the obscenities of love, peace, and the absurdity of violence.

The setting for this farce is the town of Nablus where two gangs of toughs, the Jews and the Sheiks, are fighting for control of the local cemetery.

But the story revolves around the two star crossed lovers- he is an Israeli soldier, she is the niece of Yasser Arafat- and their attempts to have sex.

A major problem with this clunker is that it has been badly miscast. Whoever came up with the bright idea of putting George Kennedy in the role of Arafat, Morey Amsterdam as the handsome Israeli soldier, and Ruth Gordon as Fatima, should have his eyes pulled out, his flesh scraped from his bones, and his nipples pinched.

A drippy, mushy, silly script comes close to making the audience wretch at times. Only a few catchy tunes, and a lovely disemboweling scene, gives the show any heart at all.

One of the best songs is the opener called "When you're a Jew". It starts like this:

*When you're a Jew,  
you're a Jew all the way  
From your first yarmulke  
To your atonement day.  
Here comes the Jews, Yeah  
and we're going to whip  
every last buggin Arab  
on the whole Gaza Strip ...*

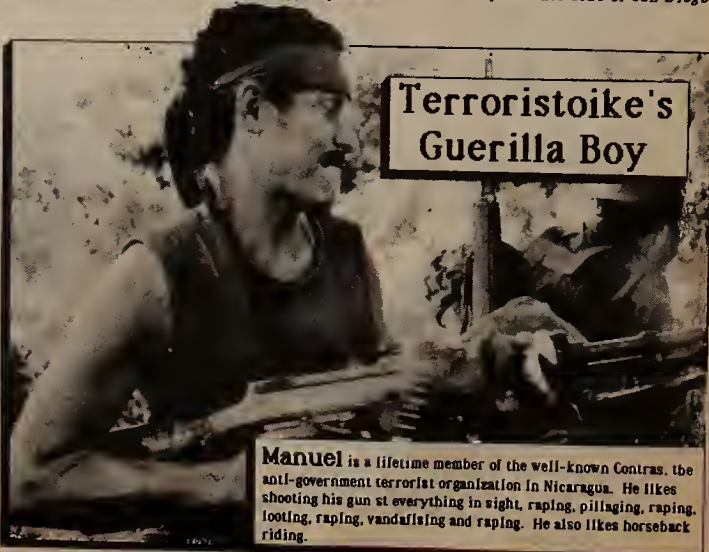
Other songs of note are: "Okay by me in Samaria", "I just met a girl named Fatima", "I bomb cities" and "M.K. Meyer Kahane".

What project is next for this pernicious, pusilliant producer perpetually petty and practically pornographic propaganda?

Why's **Flintstone on the Roof**, of course:

*"If I were a caveman,  
Yabba, dabba, dabba, dabba,  
dabba, dabba, dabba, doo ..."*

*Tyrone is a freelance writer for Terroristoike, Marquee, and Vegetable Freezing. He is happily married and the father of two beautiful daughters. He is also the biggest importer of kiddie porn this side of San Diego.*



**Manuel** is a lifetime member of the well-known Contras, the anti-government terrorist organization in Nicaragua. He likes shooting his gun at everything in sight, raping, pillaging, raping, looting, raping, vandafelting and raping. He also likes horseback riding.



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## THE DEBT

Charlie "Capstick" Mason was ready.

Mason had all the credentials of an expert mercenary. His tracking skills, learned through correspondence while at college, were honed sharp in the Sahara Desert. Mason's portfolio also included his favorite hobby, professional hunting. But Mason's trademark was his real expertise. Mason could create a stick of dynamite for any purpose he desired, and detonate it with methods unimaginable. It was this last qualification of Charlie Mason that earned him his professional name, "Capstick".

Mason looked hard into the dying man's eyes. He felt contempt for the lone survivor of his explosive ambush. The white spray of shattered rib bone gleamed through the Spanish Lieutenant's burned civies. Mason's stare was rudely interrupted. He smiled in pride as he noticed how well his prey was mutilated. All this from his ingenious charge so well camouflaged in the tree. The four foot cross-section of tree had been crushed as well as the trunk of the victim.

The wounded soldier was about forty feet from the tree that had felled him. He was lying in a pool of his own blood against a large outgrowth of rock. His hunched khaki shirt identified him as Lieutenant Kanjomba Scym.

Scym was leaning towards his disarmed right side. Scym's eyes were scanning the death all around him. He couldn't decipher the remains of his friends from the remains of his friends' families. He attempted to speak. He couldn't. Blood from a collapsed lung was frothing at a gaping hole just under his larynx. Hsssssss.

Mason put himself out of misery of this sight by cleaning his gleaming machete blade across Scym's throat. The body jumped like a gigged frog, amped alter all that blood was lost. The round face bounced past the socket at used to fit an arm. The face came to rest on the puddle of cold blood on the ground. Mason pressed the machete on the smallest finger of the only hand left of the headless body. Mason bent over. He picked up the finger. Mason played with the ring on the finger as he placed the digit into his pocket.

Mason looked at the remains of people sprayed across the clearing. The Minister of Education was all over. That was good. Mason was going to claim responsibility for this event this same evening. He was ready.

Mason had had enough with homework. He was going to make sure that the Spanish government banned homework. This was just the start. He was going to slaughter all professors that gave homework, until his demands were met. Charlie "Capstick" Mason turned the bloody digit in his pocket as he contemplated his next move. Charlie "Capstick" Mason felt ready.

## A Survival Sliderule : The Wang Computer

Have you ever been stuck at the oddest time without a calculator? ( For example in the middle of the desert at night unable to calculate missile trajectories. ). Here is a nifty trick to multiply and divide numbers. This method requires only one preparation resulting in a tool you can use over and over, again and again.

### PREPARATION

Mark off your penis ( with a Staedtler 317 waterproof marker or a sharp Swiss Army knife) into logarithmic divisions ( 1 decade from 10 to 1 ).

### OPERATION

1. When using your slide rule you must first bring it up to maximum operating temperature. This can be achieved by foreplay or by rigorous massaging with lithium grease ( or equivalent ) .

2. Now your slide must be calibrated. Ram your penis ( up to the ten mark ) into your partner's snatch and tell her to rate that as a 10.

3. To multiply numbers insert your penis up to the first number and your partner will respond with a rating from 0 to 10. Now get the rating for the second number. Find the sum of the ratings using your and/or her fingers and toes.

e.g. 3x2  
rating(3) - 4.77  
rating(2) - 3.01  
sum - 7.78

4. To get your answer, have your partner bend over and get her from behind, inserting the sum. Her response will be the answer.

eg. answer (7.78) - 6.0  
( 3 x 2 - 6 can be verified with the HP41C )

5. To divide numbers find the difference ( instead of sum ) in step 3.

### HELPFUL HINTS

1. For accurate results repeat step 3 many many times and take the root-mean-square.

2. Make sure you have a penis.

3. Make sure your partner is female.

4. Avoid premature ejaculation.

5. For complex numbers use your imagination.

Just imagine yourself at the office during a power failure. You can impress the secretaries at the office with your arithmetic skills by whipping out your slide rule. You can equally tabulate food prices at the supermarket or calculate compound interest on your declining bank account.

## ODD ONE OUT

Hey, one of these things just ain't like the others.



## WARGAMES CORNER

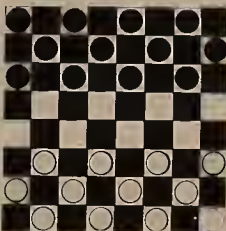
### CHECKERS

by Won Hung Low

Harro, honourable readal When cooking or hakin, I use Real Remon™ in my laundry weat cargonite®! Die vary hahd checkahs pwahwein. Ancient Chaneese secret, huh? Dis take word from doorway too he'll (Hahl Hahl Round Eye!)

Lyke mah mudder use to say, look fah and you weel eee dah beginin from dah end. ( Sound lyke howshitt to mel )

Forget about checkahs foh a while hud-deel Chase iz much eazyer. So rong!



White to play and win in 48 moves.

### DOUBLECROSSWORD PUZZLE

#### DOWN

- 1) Murder.
- 2) What does Black Flag do to insects?
- 3) Take the life of.
- 4) What did Oswald do to J.F.K.?
- 5) Liquidate.
- 6) What killer tomatoes do for entertainment.
- 7) Whet rhymes with hill and means hatcher.
- 8) My feet are \_\_\_\_\_ing me.

### CHESS

by Boris Spashtyk

Allot Dee iz Boris. I em not liking Sovyet Union. Dat ees why I em defective here. To Sweetzerlund - lund of meals and honeys.

Chess has been berry berry goot for me. For dees reason I em mealking it for all eat iz worth. Hugh know how much day pay me form making dees infentile chess tings. Enough ruhbles for much wadka.

So, you want to play chess... eh? ( I em tinkink of moving to new place in Canada ). Forget eat! One arteekle won't do notink for you!

Dis is end.



White has a king and pawn  
White to play and win.

#### BACKWARDS

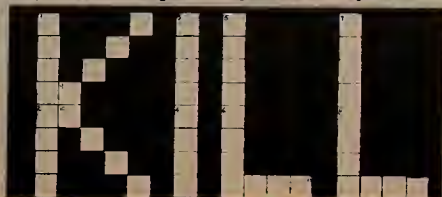
- 1) Bump off.
- 2) Exterminate.

#### DIAGONALLY UP

- 9) Take for a ride.

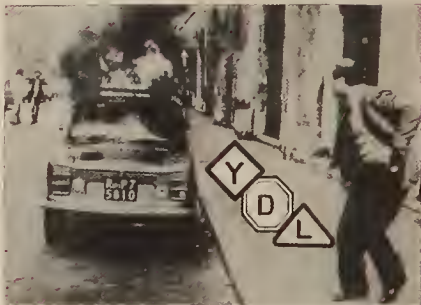
#### DIAGONALLY DOWN

- 10) What do terrorists do for practical work experience?





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"My boyfriend tells me I drive like a obnoxious raving lunatic!" - Misha'al Azy

"I don't have to pay any insurance 'cause no company in their right mind will insure me." - Joe Commando

"I even learned what a stop sign means, sound born and proceed with caution." - Ted Kennedy

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## Where are they now ?

**A nostalgic flashback** to the terrorists of yesteryear. This issue featuring: the S.L.A., the F.L.Q. and everybody's favorite guy (sikh), Abolhassan Bani-Sadr.

### The Symbionese Liberation Army (S.L.A.)

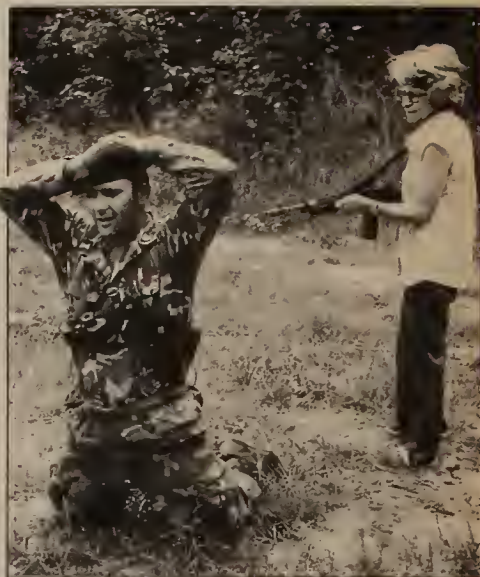
In the early 1970's, these intrepid urban guerillas kidnapped newspaper heiress Patty Hearst, 26, and subjected her to months of mental and sexual torture. In time, Miss Hearst grew to accept the doctrines of the S.L.A. and willingly took part in their revolutionary activities. Thus the "Patty Hearst" syndrome was coined. Shortly after the arrest of Hearst, the remaining four (4) members emigrated back to Symbia, and have not been heard of since.

Patty has since gone on to bigger and better things, and after years of extensive psychotherapy, is now happily employed as a cashier in a Santa Monica Harvey's outlet.

### F.L.Q. (Fucking Looney Quebecois)

\* Note: This section qualifies as 100% Canadian content under CRTC rule #10369.

The F.L.Q. gained notoriety during the October crisis of 1970, when they kidnapped British bigshot James Cross and Quebec Minister of Doors, Pierre Laporte. During this period, Margaret "Studio 54" Trudeau's



"Ok, so I'm not the plumber."

Hats off to Mrs. Zelda Crumm of the Hell's Grannies who is shown about to pump 20 lbs of lead into an undercover British agent.

husband, Pierre, sent in the entire Canadian army to take care of the situation. Neither soldier was able to find M. Laporte before his untimely elimination. Eventually, Mr. Cross was released in return for safe passage to France.

Recently, these ex-FLQers have fallen onto the straight and narrow, and operate a moderately successful 'ockey puck manufacturing facility in 'Ull.

One of the many former Presidents of the Islamic Republic of Iran, Bani-Sadr, 42, managed to escape the clutches of Ayatollah R. Khomeini's, 106, fanatical regime. Unlike the 523 other ex-leaders, Bani-Sadr managed to escape the rash of bombings perpetrated by anti-Khomeini organizations. Now, from his refuge in Paris, he leads one of these groups, the Mujahadeen.

Bani hides from enemies by employing advanced disguise techniques such as the Groucho Marx "Schnozz".

Abolhassan Bani-Sadr

## An exclusive interview with Carlos the Jackass

Carlos, Carlos the Jackal, that's what they call him. Master of disguise. Master of terrorism. Master of Applied Science ( Carlos graduated from U. of Tel Aviv *magnum lauda*). After months of phone calls and telegrams sent in vain, there he was. Across the room from me, face bidden in shadow, body reclining easily in a plush Stuart's Lay-2-Boy. I'm not sure how it all came about, but I was going to make the most of it. He spoke first.

"Relax Mr. Jones. I won't ... hite you. Heh ..."

"Let's not beat around the bush. What's your real name Carlos?"

"Fuck off. No one knows that, not even my mother ... I killed her when she found out."

"You're joking of course," I replied nervously.

"Does this look like a joke?" Carlos pulled out the biggest fucking hand grenade I had ever seen, and placed a stubby finger on the pin.

"No ... of, of course not." I was losing my composure. "I have a list of alleged ..."

"Alleged ...". Carlos interrupted me. "You know, I have heard that word many, many times, Mr. Jones."

I continued, undaunted, "... alleged acts of terrorism, all of which you apparently had a key role in organizing." I paused. "In grade school, you weren't happy with sticking gum underneath the desks. On at least two occasions you deliberately placed plastic explosives timed to go off in the middle of Hebrew class ..."

"Ha. A little fun and games. That's all."

"You don't deny it?" I stammered, aghast.

"Why should I deny it? I hated the teacher. And it wasn't plastic explosive; it was gelignite."

I continued reading, shaken by what I had just heard. "In high school, you set the cafeteria on fire and blocked off all the exits of escape... 39 students were killed and/or poached."

"Lies. All lies. There were... no more than 20 students, and I gave them all 10 seconds warning before jamming the doors."

"Why Carlos, why?" I was almost pleading with this monster. "Have you no..."

"Wbail!" he screamed. "Conscience! I've got as much conscience as ... anyone! I never cheated on a test in my life. I once felt bad about stepping on a scorpion. I haven't blown up the Humane Society yet, and I never made fun of Jerry's Kids. So don't tell me..."

"Okay, settle down Carlos, we're just here for information, not a kangaroo court." I gritted my teeth and kept on reading. "You joined the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine in 1971, and went to training camp in Lebanon. Soon after, a splinter group of the PFLP (an offshoot of the PLO), staged the Munich Olympic massacre. Your name was intimately connected with the ... event." Carlos said nothing. "Shall I go on...?"

"In May 1972, three Japanese Red Army terrorists massacred 26 people and injured almost 80, at the Lod Airport in Tel Aviv.

Again your name came up in later investigations which connected the Red Army brigade with PFLP activities."

Carlos was getting edgy. "I expected an interview, not an Inquisition, Mr. Jones. You know, you irk me... to the max." He again flared the grenade menacingly.

"Furthermore, you are probably responsible for the 1983 Libyan embassy shooting; the London shopping centre bombings; various and sundry assassinations too numerous to mention; the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan; and..."

"Stop!" Carlos shrieked. "I admit, I admit! It's all true. I didn't mean to hurt anyone, I just wanted some attention." He began frothing at the mouth. "And I confess... it is me who never flushes the toilet... I... Eashgayan-hhhaieeee..."

That was it. It was all over. Carlos wrenched the pin from the grenade, tucked it under his belt, and dived through the curtained window of the tiny room. A sickening, damped explosion was the last we would ever hear of Carlos the Jackal.



"I'll have to be near town"

"I'm an urban guerilla"



## LIBYAN WONDERLAND

by Fazil LaRue N'mqua'ad-Smith

*While most of you were spending your summers working your asses off at underpaid, unrewarding jobs, taking insane artistic summer courses late at night, or lying on overcrowded beaches getting sunstroke, I was involved in quite a unique experience and would like to share it with you.*

As we approached Tripoli Airport, I could see the vast expanse of the desert through the open window. Just as the plane touched down, one of the wings fell off and the plane screeched to a halt in a shower of sparks. "Hum... er, welcome to Libya, er... guys", the pilot mumbled over the intercom. We collected all the empty beer cans that cluttered up the emergency exit and pushed the door open. The door fell off, landing on an unsuspecting airport employee, killing him instantly.

A hus took us to the camp,

located about thirty kilometres north of Tripoli. Just as I stepped off the bus, I trod in a large, steaming pile of camel dung, and as I was wiping my shoe on Stig's shirt, a loudspeaker blared "Welcome to S.H.I.T., gentlemen". They could scarcely have thought of a more appropriate welcome. The small group marched over to an old, decrepit building. We entered and put our bags down on our cots.

At that moment, a man appeared at the door, clutching a large stick. It was Colonel Rock Slaughter, 61, a man of medium stature, physically fit, energetic and at first glance, professional. It was obvious this was his operation, I could clearly make out the letters S.H.I.T. tattooed on his nose. He looked at each of us, with a condescending smile.

"At ease, men. I welcome you to S.H.I.T., Sahara Headquarters for International Terrorism. You are here to learn how to kill people." I shuddered at this blunt revelation. The harsh

reality of this whole adventure struck me. I glanced at Stig. He smiled back, revealing rows of yellow, decayed teeth. The colonel went on, waving his stick at us.

"This course is divided into three sections: Basic Theory of Terrorism, Introduction to Assassination and Hijacking - an appreciation. Each lasts one day, and you will have ample opportunity to carry out practical experiments."

The next morning, we were led into a dark, filthy room with tables arranged haphazardly. This gloomy place was strangely reminiscent of the Sandford Fleming canteen. Our instructor entered and told us to take our seats.

"Gentlemen, this morning, we will examine the theoretical aspects of terrorism. First, there are some very fundamental rules you must observe. You must be able to say 'To Cuh!' in at least seven languages. Also, you should have an alias. Names like Ali or Gunther are fine. Avoid

names like Son of Sam or Flowerboy; either they've been used or are inappropriate. Your appearance is crucial to the success of your missions. It is essential that you refrain from shaving three days prior to the planned date of the mission. This will ensure that you are properly identified as a terrorist. Furthermore, you should observe basic rules of etiquette at all times. For example, when executing hostages, always remember, women and children first. Showing a modicum of courtesy will enhance your credibility vis-a-vis the authorities, who would otherwise be itching to shoot your head off."

As he spoke, he complemented the material with numerous slides showing mutilated bodies of famous terrorist killings.

"Once you have completed your act of terror, you must claim responsibility. In fact you can claim responsibility for the acts of others, which has the added advantage of rendering any subsequent police investigations very chaotic. When you contact a news agency, make sure it's the Agence France Press in Paris.

Also, you must never go there in person, always phone or send a postcard." The lecture went on until late in the afternoon.

Later that evening, as we were resting in our quarters, I noticed Josh lying on his cot, clutching a bright object.

"What's that, Josh?", I asked him.

"It's a silver cigarette case," he replied, still gazing at the cracked ceiling. "It used to belong to my father. He was a soldier in Europe during the war. One night, there had been some heavy fighting. Anyway, there was this bullet with his name on it, and it hit the cigarette case in his pocket..."

"You mean it really saved his life?"

"Not exactly. The bullet ricocheted up his nose and blew his brains out."

The next day, we were greeted by a tall well dressed man, who spoke with a distinct French accent.

"ello, I am Col. Alexis Rohichaud, 45, I used to 'ead the now defunct F.L.Q. I joined S.H.I.T. last year, and am 'ere to teach you about political assassination."

"Political assassination can be very tricky. Make sure there is lots of blood, use explosive bullets de preference. Certain techniques 'ave 'ad lots of success, such as pulling up beside a BMW 'alted at a red light, on your motorbike, and firing your UZI at de occupants. Dis 'as been used by many of our European comrades, and the ensuing publicity surrounding the investigation can only strengthen your reputation among your peers."

The lunch break was rather uninteresting. We were served broiled camel testicles dipped in soya sauce, which strangely enough tasted just like broiled camel testicles dipped in soya sauce. Later that afternoon, we had a practical exercise in political assassination. We found the colonel in the camp courtyard, standing beside a camel.

"Usually", he began, "political assassination goes 'and in 'and with kidnapping. So in today's exercise, you are to abduct an innocent victim, represented by dis animal, issue a demand for ransom, and after 'ours of negotiation with de police, you will shoot it in cold blood. Understood?". He walked over to a large box, took out a UZI and handed it to Stig. "Ok, you begin. You abduct de camel."

Stig carefully approached the unsuspecting ruminant, wielding his weapon. But he must have misunderstood the instructions, because instead of putting a bag over its head and rushing off in a car, he dropped his pants and proceeded to bugger the poor beast senseless.

"Non! Tabarnak! Not 'ave fucked, abduct! Maudsit Anglais, 'ow can you be so stupide?", the colonel yelled, and raising his gun, he shot Stig squarely between the testicles. The poor man screeched in pain and ran off, clutching his injured organ. The colonel turned to us, visibly irritated. "You people are 'opeless! I'm leaving!" He

(continued on page 10)

# WELCOME to Miller Time





## YOUR HORRORSCOPE

## Your Birthday today:

The stars predict that you will have a birthday today. High probability of cake.



For those born under the sign of **Ninja** (Jan 1 - Dec 31). You might die today; on the other hand you might not. Be prepared.

## I WAS A TUGBOAT CAPTAIN ON KHARG ISLAND

My name is unimportant. I myself am unimportant, what is important is that I was a tugboat captain on Kharg Island. I was not always a tugboat captain. Once many, many years ago I was a child, but that was a long, long time ago.

Perhaps my fondest memories of my younger days were those years I spent at the University of Teheran. U of T was a much different place back then. It was in the days before underfunding, a time when U of T was truly the Harvard of the Middle East. In those days I was an undergraduate in the Faculty of Tugboat Technology.

I did well in my studies and as a reward was sent to Canada for graduate work. I remember my first tutorial well. At the time I spoke no English, only Farsi and Turing, and was forced to lecture as best I could. It did not seem to bother the students much, as I noticed they took notes furiously regardless of

which language I spoke in. In fact, so taken were the students with my teaching abilities that they presented me with gifts of paper airplanes by the handful.

So successful was I in teaching that it was several months before one of my professors noticed that I could not speak English. I eventually learned how to speak English by watching *I Love Lucy* reruns. To this day, I speak with a Cuban accent and can do a rave up version of Babaloo in the shower.

I returned to Tehran in 1982 but things were drastically different. I went back to all my old haunts only to find them closed. I even looked up my old girlfriend but she had put on forty pounds and a veil. I went back to my apartment to pick up the mail that had been accumulating over the past two years, and while I was there, found some old issues of *Playboy*. In those days, they featured scantily clad women and camels in lingerie and saddles (the women wore saddles and the camels, lingerie). Today's issues depicted them in chador's beside the latest in AK-47's. I realized that Tehran had not changed. It was me, I was being unfaithful to the revolution.

I decided that I had to leave and go as far as I could go. I decided to go so far that when I turned around to see where I had come from I would realize that it was indeed very far away.

I crossed the street and thought to myself that perhaps I had some higher calling. Call it what you will - kismet, fate, karma - I knew that for the time being, at least, I was destined to be a parsley farmer.

There are those who would lead you to believe that all is Iran's greatest source of foreign currency. This is not the case. Iran's largest export is in fact parsley. You know that green leafy vegetable that you always find on your plate every time you go to Howard Johnson's, the one you have never seen anyone eat in

## ORIENTATION SPREAD



your entire life? Well, Iran's entire economy is in fact totally dependent on this cash crop and it was for this reason I headed out for the sandy depths of my country.

All I could see was sand. Sand to the north, sand to the south, the east and the west... Sand to the everywhich-fucking-way! Unfortunately, it was a bad year for parsley, so I decided to join the army and was sent to the front.

What I found most extraordinary about the front was the extreme revolutionary zeal of the younger soldiers. Some were as young as seventeen, although many could pass for ten or eleven. They were so dedicated that they would martyr themselves at the drop of a hat. As a matter of fact, the other day I happened to drop my khafish and some young firosh soldier went out and got himself martyred. Everything is not, however, so kosher. There will always be some decadent individual somewhere who will transgress the rules. It seems that someone had smuggled up a Sony Trinitron twenty-six inch television into the camp and hooked it up to the desert satellite. As a result many of the recruits had become inculcated into the decadent ways of Zionist-American baseball.

One day, while en maneuver behind a sand dune, one of the soldiers became nervous and stood up, so the others followed him, thinking he was doing the 'wave' and they were all martyred to tiny hits. Thus was formed the so-called 'human wave'.

Things are not as rosy now at the front as they were then. At times we have to do without the bare necessities of life, like women. At night when I sleep I often dream of mustard, but it is only something in the air. Often I dream that I could have found work on a tugboat and although the revolution is still in progress, at night, in my dreams, I am a tugboat captain on Kharg Island.

## T.Q. \* QUIZ

## \*Terrorist Quotient

So. You think you're terrorist material. You've got an autographed Arafat joystick, Bobby Sands' last restaurant bill, and a three day growth of beard that could put Brille out of business. Well that don't mean nothing! You wanna rub shoulders with maniacs, you've got to think like one. To test your fanaticism, try this little quiz, specially prepared by the Friends of Clifford Olsen, and see if you've got the right stuff. A high score in the quiz is a good indication that your mind is sufficiently warped to enjoy a short but satisfying career in the lunatic fringe.

1. The phrase "women and children first" usually means:

- They get first crack at the lifejackets.
- They get thrown overboard first.
- Let them taste the food first.
- Shoot them first.

2. A frog comes up to you in the street and offers you \$1000. You:

- Thank it graciously, accept the \$1000, and wonder what a *sproingius golexum* is doing far north this year.
- Divest the creature of its money and kick it under the nearest streetcar.
- Run away into the night, screaming, "I'll never do beer and tequila again! Never!!"
- Disect it to see if it is actually one of David Suzuki's secret army of cybernetic amphibians.

3. You are asked by a waitress in a restaurant what you would like on your hamburger. Your response is:

- Why do you call them hamburgers when they're made with horseness?

- Doublo cheese, held the anchovies.
- Whatsa quarter-peunder in metric?
- Only you, gorgeous.

4. It is announced on the radio that World War III begins tomorrow at noon. You:

- Run out and kill all your professors.
- Try to solve that last multiple integral you'd been saving 'till the end of the month. (EngSci)
- Check the TV guide to see which shows you'll miss that week.
- Go on a rampage and rape every artistic female in sight. (Lady Firosh can try to find a real artistic man to rape, but since this is such a remote possibility, it is not included here, so just fucking forget it, ek?)

5. In a radio contest, you win a complete AC/DC record library. You:

- Try to say how happy you are, but use up your entire vocabulary in the process.
- Become a priest.
- Take a raincheck and then tell the DJ to fuck off.
- Commit suicide.

6. You wake up one morning to find Maggie T. sleeping beside you. You:

- Pinch yourself to make sure it's not a dream.
- Pinch yourself to make sure it's not a nightmare.
- Swallow all the antibiotics in the house and run to the nearest V.D. clinic.
- "Art and go back to sleep.

7. Which of the following UNIX commands will help to get an assignment completed?

- % rm \*
- % cat /u4/ your buddy/ his program > your program
- % Die traitor.
- % pc your program -o garbage.

8. Fill in the blank. Muammar \_\_\_\_\_

- Khaddafy
- Quadafi
- Gaddafi
- Kuadalfyduck

9. Menachim Begin is:

- A former Jewish prime minister.
- A bagel bar in Lower Manhattan.
- A middle eastern venereal disease.
- A Jewish holiday.

10. Which country(s) most deserve to be nuked and/or generally turned into a flat, glowing wasteland:

- The United States of America
- USSR/CCCP/KGB
- Iran / Iraq / Syria / Lebanon / Libya/Israel/(Palestine?)
- Tonga

If you've bothered to answer any of the above questions you pass!



Think of a caption for this photo and win an all expenses paid 12 year visit to Sakhalin Island. Send all submissions to Nicolai Digarkov, c/o Connie Cherenko, Kremlin, Moscow, U.S.S.R.



# Joikes

**Q:** How many terrorists does it take to screw in a light bulb?  
**A:** Kho meini terrorists? ba ha ha. Is good joke.  
**Q:** Ne really. How many terrorists does it take to screw in a light bulb?  
**A:** Eight. One to screw it in, and seven to claim responsibility!

Between what two toes does a woman best like to be tickled?  
 Her two big toes.

Little Red Riding Hood is walking through the woods to her grandma's house when out of the trees jumps the Big Bad Wolf shouting, "Little Red Riding Hood, I'm going to screw you!"  
 "Oh no, you're not!", she replies as she scurries away.

By and by, the wolf caught up to her and again roars, "Little Red Riding Hood, I'm going to ravish you!"  
 "Oh no you're not!" she cries in flight.

Little Red Riding Hood finally makes it to her grandma's house. She runs upstairs, rips off her clothes and jumps under the bedsheet.

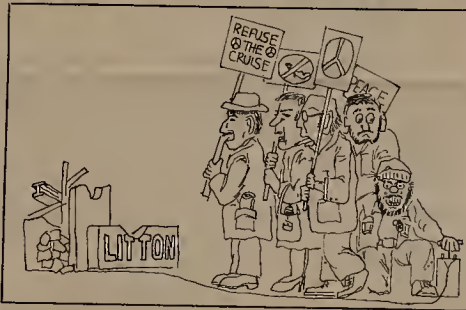
By and by the Big Bad Wolf blows down the door and rushes in shouting, "I've got you, and I'm going to fuck you right now."  
 Little Red Riding Hood throws back the covers and screams, "Oh no you're not. You're going to eat me just like it says in the story!"

Then there was an enterprising metallurgist who could look at a platinum blonde and tell if she was virgin metal or just common ore.  
 How do you spot a terrorist girl in a crowd?  
 She is the one with the three day growth.

You've read it ... now listen to it!  
**Radio Toike**  
 Joike of the Day  
 on  
**CJUT.**  
 Mon. - Fri. 12:15 & 4:15  
 Starting Oct. 1st.



"Well, frankly, I've outlived Russia. We begin bombing in five minutes." R.R. (Funny eh? - Ed)



What is gray and comes in quarts?  
 An Elephant.



The Pope was not immediately convinced by this line of reasoning, but eventually agreed that it was the right thing to do.  
 "I will go through with your idea ... but only on three conditions. First the girl must be a Christian of good faith ...". The Pope was wheezing heavily.  
 Second, she must be a virgin, pure as the winter snow ... and ... third, ... he gasped, "she must ... have ... big tits and rubber boots."



go ahead ... MAKE MY DAY!

1st terrorist:  
 How did the jeep get a flat?  
 2nd terrorist:  
 I ran over a milk bottle.  
 1st: Didn't you see it?  
 2nd: No, the kid had it hidden under his coat.

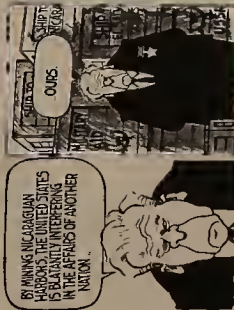
What do fat women and mopeds have in common?  
 They're both fun to ride until your friends find out.

Did you hear the one about the Sunday School teacher who chased the Priest all around the church and finally caught him by the organ?

## ONE AYATOLLAH TOO MEINI

[This article has been censored by the Israeli military censor.]

Today, Rabbi Meyer Kahane, the radical, anti-Arab member of the Israeli Knesset (parliament) ... goals. However, ... buttocks ... and ... Arab ...  
 ("Yes, we") ... (have) ... (no bananas) ... (today) ... (aie)



most ... Diversification ... smells like ... fish. ... I. ... be emphasized. ... terrorist nipples ... Many ... group ... Coca-cola ... Mrs. Gaddadffll ... offensive. ... Aardvarka ... (sic) Kumquats ... cucumbers. ... philately ... posing ... camel droppings ... terror ... droppings ... Deviations ... "They're the ones with the big noses!"

## FORGET ARMY SURPLUS IT'S CHEAPER AT THE ENGINEERING STORES



### SURPLUS CLOTHING

Engineering T' Shirts  
 Engineering Golf Shirts  
 Blue and Gold Rugby sweaters with crest

### WAR SUPPLIES

Pens, Pencils, Erasers, Markers, Refill leads, Ink Rulers, Liquid Paper, Index Dividers  
 Index Cards, Letraset, Bristol Board, Batteries  
 Technical pens, Drawing sets  
 Schaum's outlines, Binders, Duo-Tangs, Tape, Highlighters  
 Lab Books, Exercise books etc.

**BE BRAVE. DROP BY.**  
**WE'RE OPEN 8:45 TO 4:00**  
**MON - FRI**  
**ACROSS FROM THE SANDFORD FLEMING DINING ROOM**



(continued from page 5)

marched away, but just as he reached the road outside the camp, he was run over by a London bus, which only goes to show.

That night, I was on guard duty. It was eleven thirty. Suddenly, I heard footsteps behind me. I swung around and fired a salvo with my UZI. To my horror, I realized I had just shot Col. Slaughter in the leg, severing it just above the knee.

"Shit! I just wanted some cigarettes!", he shouted. I went over to pick up his leg, and banded it to him. He wasn't looking very pleased.

"Sorry, I thought you were a camel", I mumbled. "I'll get you another..."

"That's ok, I'm getting a new one in the morning, from Abdul, the little boy in the village."

He walked off, carrying his leg under his arm. I pondered over the time I had spent here so far. It had been very interesting.

On the third and final day of the course, the lecture on hijacking was carried out by Col. Slaughter himself.

"Hijacking is probably the most exciting job for a terrorist. You get to travel and see the world, besides you can get to Tehran or Havana for free."

"When dealing with airline pilots, avoid shooting them, as they can come in handy, especially when landing. Make sure there's a parachute for you to use in an emergency. But then don't jump from a 747 at thirty-five thousand feet or you'll turn into an icube before you reach thirty thousand feet, and may experience some difficulty in deploying your chute. Grenades are good to carry, and when exploded

properly, can whip an entire crew into instant submission."

So that's how they did it, I thought. He made it sound so simple. Later, after the lecture, we went out to apply our new knowledge. The DC-3 had been repaired at the local McDonnell-Douglas dealer and stood majestically, on the landing strip near the camp. We climbed in, sat down, fastened our seat belts, and extinguished all smoking material. The plane rumbled down the strip and soared into the sky. When we had reached cruising altitude, the colonel stood up and faced us.

"Ok, Josh, you go first." Josh went to the front of the cabin, kicked the cockpit door open, and without saying a word, shot the pilot. He then returned to his seat, with a large smile of self-satisfaction. The colonel turned to him, looking rather disappointed.

"I'm afraid you've completely mixed up the political assassination and hijacking parts of the course. You've failed." Josh looked at him, burst into tears and collapsed in a corner of the cabin, sobbing pathetically.

"Sorry. Now, does anyone know how to fly this thing?". No one answered. "Shit, we're going to crash." I rushed for the parachute box grabbed the only chute and jumped out, leaving Josh, the colonel and the others to their fate. Meanwhile, I was in free fall, struggling with this bloody parachute that wouldn't open. Was this the end?

Suddenly, out of nowhere, a providential sandstorm whipped up a two hundred mile an hour scirocco that carried me just over the camp. I fell right through the roof of the mess tent, landing right on the stove, where the cook was just about to start preparing broiled camel testicles dipped in

soya sauce. Feeling my buttocks sizzle, I pounced off the hot plate into an adjoining abower room, where I abundantly irrigated my toasted buns. My only thought then was to get the hell out of there. When my sore meat had reached room temperature, I headed for my quarters, grabbed by belongings and took a taxi to the airport. There, I caught the evening plane to Toronto.

*Thinking back at the three days I spent in Libya, I wonder really how useful it had all been... I suppose I should have stayed at U of T. In fact, what I had been through could very well have qualified for the university curriculum: it was a S.H.I.T. course and I got burned on the final exam!*

ALL YOU CAN

EAT PUSSY

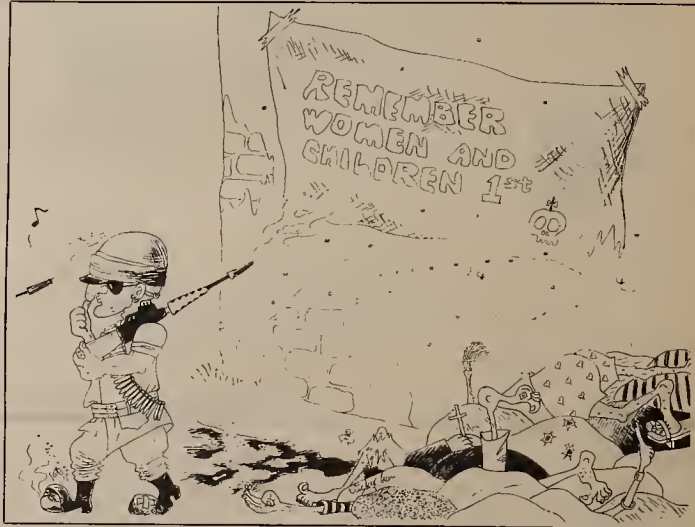
For all the Delicious Deep Dish Pussy you can eat, cum into Fran Venere's! Sound too good to resist? It is!

Bring your family! Kids can have all they can eat for just 10 cents. Thursday Night is Ladies' Night! It's a great meal and a great deal

Fran Venere's

69¢

MMMMMM MAMA MIA!



## Terrorist Book of the Month Club



Folding stock version of UZI features one of the most sturdy and rigid designs known. Stock is disassembled from extended position by pressing inward on release button as shown.

From the best way to kill yourself, to the best way to kill your neighbour. If it's to do with terrorism, then we have it. Join now and receive 4 books for only 69¢. Also get a free folding UZI while supplies last. Just fill out the application form below.

### TITLES INCLUDE

**How to Kill**  
By A. Mockingbird  
Need we say more?

**How to Pick Up Rich Girls**  
By the S.L.A.  
Learn how to employ the Patty Hearst Syndrome.

**Undercover Surveillance and Electronic Penetration**  
Edited by Buster Hymen  
A how-to-do-it manual of professional techniques for looking under covers.

**Job Opportunities in the Black Market**  
By Leroy Washington  
Make big bucks selling Afro Picks™ in Angola.

**How to Hide Almost Anything**  
By Ioma Krotch  
All you need to know to build a secret cubbyhole for your dope, guns, bondage leathers, National Geographica or whatever else you want to keep to yourself.

SCUM BOOK ROOM

We have the kind of books you are looking for.

**Kitchen Improvised Plastic Explosives**  
By Julia Child  
Learn to make plastic explosives from bleach, chlorine, table salt and aspirin. Guaranteed to cure any head ache.

**Methods of Disguise**  
By Carlos D. Jackal  
Learn the finer points of the Groucho Marx Disguise™ popularized by Bani-Sadr.

Please accept my application for membership in the **Terrorist Book Club**. I hereby swear to be a real bad guy. Send me my four books and bill me only 69¢ plus a small shipping and handling charge (£493). I understand that I need buy only 457 more books at regular low club prices. You better remember to send me my free UZI submachine gun!

**Terrorist Book of the Month Club**, Dept. RR436, San Salvador El Salvador.  
(Membership transferable to next of kin.)

Mr. \_\_\_\_\_  
Miaa \_\_\_\_\_  
Comrade \_\_\_\_\_  
Ayatollah \_\_\_\_\_  
Mohammed \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_  
Zip Code \_\_\_\_\_

Sign here!

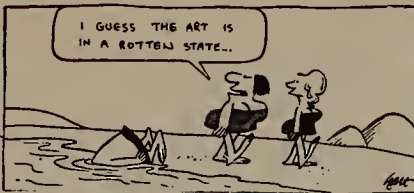
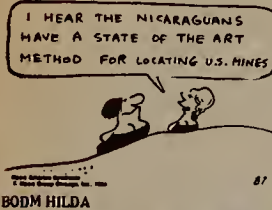
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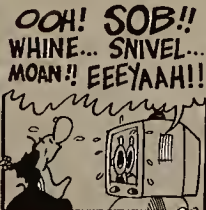




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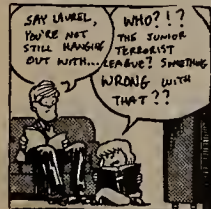
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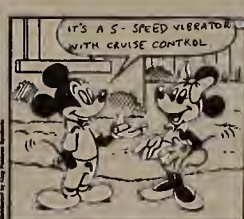
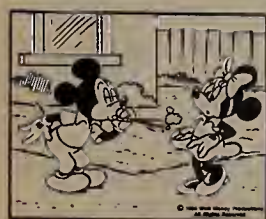
IRAGR



DN THE FAST RACK



KINKY MDUSE



MARMADYKE



THERE GOES THE NEIGHBOURHOOD



I'm tellin' ya, I've gotta headache!



"Get the nuns... they're worth 5,000 points!"



Libyan President Col. Muammar Qaddafi, 7, interviewed last week by TERRORISTOIKE, comments on the worsening political situation in the Middle East: "Fuck, these comics are hilarious!"

# CLASSIFIED

**BULLETPROOF** Condoms. Lightweight, excellent stopping power. Box of 10, \$9.95.

**SUPPORT** the Polish hunger strikers who have been eating continuously for the last 30 days striking against hunger.

**NEED** privacy for your mail? Use our address as yours. Keep your home location and your identity a secret. DETAILS: TERRORISTOIKE Sanford Fleming B670, etc.

IS the Bader Meinhoff Gang too tame for you? If so, join the Baddest Meinhoff. We're badder than the bad and badder factions. Contact Otto Mittelschmerz, P.O. Box 69 Titzenburg, West Germany.

**ANNOUNCING** a brand new terrorist organization dedicated to the spirit of Gummy. It's the Gang Green! We need all kinds of

snotty fighters. "If you've got a heart then Gummy's a part of you."

**TIRED** of waiting 20 min. for extra pickles on your hamburger? Order your Uzi today. J. Huberty, San Ysidro, Cal.

**HIGH** cost el Cruise Missiles getting you down? Then try our economy **DRUZE MISSILE**. It's far more accurate because there's a guy inside it. *Crazy Joe's*.

**SUMMER** employment for students. 400,000 12 yr. old youths wanted. Apply to: Ministry of Sand, 13 Americansarepidoqs Ave., Tehran, Iran.

**TERRORISM** International Tours (T.I.T.s). Find out, what to see, who to kill, what to bomb, where to park. Contact your local travel agent.

A 25 year old male into mayonnaise, boysenberry yogurt, lace delilies and leather shoestrings, seeks meaningful relationship(s) with blue-haired female, 32-48-36, any age, similar interests. No kinks or weirdos please. Contact V.D.

**YDUNG**, talented, absolutely stunning man, blond curls, blue eyes, a cleft chin, slender, seeks full length mirror in perfect condition. Ask for Jerome.

I, uh, don't usually do this sort of, uh, you know, but I was just thinking about someone like me, kinda, well, meeting someone sorta like you and, I guess what I am trying to say is...never mind.

**WANTED**. 18 driving instructors. No experience nec. Call: **YOUNG DRIVERS OF LEBANON**. (416) 978-4911.

**FINALLY** a use for Artale! Exhaustive clinical tests have proven Artale to be highly efficient energy conversion devices. On average, they yield 75 kilos of usable military grade fart for each 12 oz. can of baked beans. Send \$10 for do-it-yourself kit to **Consolidated Farismatic Inc.** La Grand River P.Q.

**WHERE** there's a will there's a way! Don't die without a will. A simple but binding blank form ensures that your guns won't fall into disuse and disappear after you're blown to itty-bitty little shreds. *Will's wills*.

**KILLING** too many innocent people? Change your illegally modified automatic Uzi machine gun back into a semi-automatic. Shelby Armament Control Ltd.

**NEW I.D.** in America. A step-by-step guide to creating a

totally new you - with birth certificate, passport, driver's license - all you need for breaking with your past. *Gyp'sm Enterprises* Chicago 60609.

**NEED** total mail privacy? Your mail confidentially and inexpensively received, forwarded, remailed, held, steamed open, destroyed. Other services available. Contact **RCMP Ottawa Ontario KIA 4LO**.

**'DIE YDU FASCIST BASTARD!'** Bumperstickers. Other titles available. Write to O. Roberts Tulsa Dkl. 00000.

**TIRED** of the single scene? Married man looking for meaningful relationship between 12:00 and 1:00 weekdays. P.O. Box 69, **TOIKE OIKE**.

(continued on page 12)



DO you feel physically sick when listening to the radio these days? Get back at that effeminate, high-pitched bomo with **Thriller Killer**. Available at all terrorist record stores.

CONGRATULATIONS Bill and Kim on your engagement. When's the stag? From Bob, Rob, et Al.

DELOREAN and Coke. It's the real thing! Buy 5 kilos of Coke and get a free DeLoorean. See your local dealer for details.

LUIS Alegre Orientation Pub. Featuring: a Sony Walkman and cases and cases of leftover champagne. EngSoc darkroom. Mon. Sept. 31 at 2 a.m.

FRDM the Libyan death squads sent to assassinate Reagan:

Hey, Muammar, we're still here! Get us the hell out! Send fanatical orders and plane to:  
P.O. Box. 576 Fort Erie, Ont. Khaoada

#### NO DIETING NO PILLS! NO EXERCISE!

Worry your way to elliness with our free booklet, "1000 Serious Things to Cause You Acute Anxiety!". SCUM Bookroom

HOW many times have you been stuck with the wrong cement that takes forever to dry? Pretty bumilating huh? Well not with Joe's FAST DRYING ROCK BOTTDN BRAND CEMENT". Just another exciting product from JOE'S GETAWAY TRAVEL WORLD.

PSYCHIC seeking soulmate You know where you are and where I am. Get in touch.

HAVE you ever been left 'bolding the bag' because you didn't arrange for adequate getaway vehicle with competent, qualified, high speed drivers? In these hard economic times you need the profess ional, courteous and dependable getaway service of JOE'S GETAWAY TRAVEL WORLD.

The legend grows...

THE GAME OF DEATH " By Mittoo Badly. Be the first on your cell-block to own this exciting game. It's simple. The first one to die wins! Featuring *Sudden Death Overtime* Assault Batteries not included.

MECH 876 Presents an evening sail aboard the *Empire Saady*. Canada's tallest Tall ship. Tickets \$12.00 from a mech 876 rep. All welcome. Fri. Sept. 28 e 7:30.

TURDISH rebels cause big stink. Join their fight for freedom.

UZI for sale: Used only on Sundays by a little old lady in Paraguay. Glenn's Guns

UZI for sale: Owner shot self while cleaning. National Rifle Association.

THERE'S NO DEATH LIKE IT! Join the Grenadian Armed Forces. Look under 'recruiting' in your little red book.

WHEN you're planning that "Big job" who can be worried with every small detail? At JOE'S GETAWAY TRAVEL WORLD we take care of you...right! From charterlog jumbo jets to finding just the right firearm. No job is too small or too large for Joe. A legend in our own time.

SEE Uzi Geller, famous Israeli psychic. Predicted audience would die only seconds before they were slaughtered by AK-47 automatic rifle. Con Hall.

#### † OBITUARIES †



CHERNENKD, Constantin, suddenly of a cold ... alright a

bad cold. Very well then, gonorrhea. He leaves his wife Tatiana, and four sheep, Ivan, Alexander, Vladimir and Shnookums. Services to be held in Red Square, all welcome. In fact it would be highly desirable for you to be good citizen and show up.

MR. and Mrs. Raabid Hassan are proud to announce the glorious martyrdom of their son Sadeh on the Iran-Iraq front.

#### IN MEMORIUM

To a great leader, Lenny Brezhnev:

*Fat and monobrowed  
Just another sacred cow  
You were red*

*And now you're dead  
Sadly missed by rompin' Ron  
and the boys in the Pentagon.*

THE West Tehran High School class of '90 would like to announce their martyrdom last week on the shimmering, shifting sands by the Shatt 'El Arab waterway.



NAME: 6969  
NUMBER: BILL

Bicentennial  
Brute Force Committee  
H<sub>2</sub>O

Earnest Hemingway  
Hydro Place (700 Union)  
1¢ (with dinner) 300th  
see below

Atoms and Molecules

3  
FAST  
Dr. J. Brothers  
100 yrs

20% -- an improvement over  
last test -- go have  
a beer at D.J.'s.

## D.J.'S VIDEO DANCE

Mon: FOOTBALL  
Tue: GIVE ME A BREAK  
Wed: PUB NIGHT  
GRRRRIZZLY  
ENCOUNTER  
Thu: GET LUCKY!

## UPCOMING BANDS

SEPT: 18-20 DESIGNER  
21-22 MAURICE  
RAYMOND  
& THE LONELY  
BOYS  
27-29 THE  
GROTTYBEATS

OCT: 5-6 TRES  
HOMBRES  
9-13 CAIRO  
17-20 THE FANS  
25-27 THE KINGS

## 1 • Draft

with the purchase of D.J.'s  
Famous Roast Beef Dinner.

Including Boulangerie Potatoes, Salad, Bread & Butter  
for only \$2.74.

We will serve you a refreshing draft for  
only one cent.

This offer is valid after 5 p.m. for dinner,  
Monday through Friday,  
for a limited time only.

All Provincial tax  
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## SMOKE ROOM

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... Private Party  
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595-0700